

Uyce for to eshewe, and all abhominacion
Ipcocrysie, Idolatry, which is mans perdition
O Lorde is not the merites of thy passion
A sure scale of fre pardone, and remysion
That once was shed for mans redemption:
Upon the crosse was offered, that high oblacion.

O Lorde thou dyddest thy fathers wrath pacify
Obedient thou wast vnto a shamefull death
For mans lyfe, thou suffredest patiently
Thou yeldest the gost, as the scripture sayth
And rose from death, to lyfe the thyrde daye
And sittest in heauen, with great power a maiestie
Coequall with the father, thys is no hawe
Makyng intercession, for vs synners perpetuallye.

O Lorde howe long shall we wepe and crye
For fault of foode, to the soule spirituall
Thy watchmen are dome, and lie in theyr slpye
Their filthy liuyng it so abhomyable
To fede thy flocke, they take no care nor payne
To teach or preach thy faithful testament

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Lord thy word is our sure touch stone.
That leadeth mankynde, to hys saluation
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